

# IF NOBODY HAD A GUN THEN NOBODY COULD SHOOT

By DAN CAREY.

WE are with the preachers, absolutely and to the last ditch, in the fight for this new constitutional amendment which is going to prohibit prize fighting and brutality of all kinds in the United States. In fact we are for all of the proposed amendments to the Constitution of the United States.

The success with which the Eighteenth Amendment—that is, prohibition—was eased into the people while a part of them were fighting the war and while the rest of them were not looking has caused all persons who have a desire to compel the rest of the world to think and act as they do to turn to laws, lawmaking and lawmakers as the easiest method of accomplishing their object. A great deal may be said for the system, because it does away with a great deal of hard work at poor pay, intensive thinking and difficult exhortation; but if we read history correctly the system failed at Rome in the early days of the Christian era.

"You can lead a horse to water, but you can't make him drink."

However, as we were saying, we are for all the proposed constitutional amendments. At present the following are proposed:

1. Preventing prize fighting or other forms of brutal contests.
2. Preventing the use of tobacco.
3. Enacting Sunday blue laws.
4. Prohibiting the manufacture and sale of guns, pistols and ammunition.
5. Prohibiting the use of the word "male" in all laws, thus giving men and women the same standing in law.

Few persons know about the fourth of these proposed amendments. We quote from a writer in a recent publication:

"Why not have another amendment to the Constitution of the United States of America? Why not prohibit the manufacture and sale of guns, pistols, firearms of every description to everybody, private in-

## Dan Presents Arguments for a New Amendment to the Constitution Making Manufacture of Firearms Illegal; These Are Irrefutable and Cannot Fail to Convince Everybody, Beginning With Our Lawmakers

Between them they knew just one thing in the Bible and the first city man said it.



THE BACK YARD DETECTIVE.

A family that I know, and know quite well,  
Although I never yet have rung their bell,  
Resides around the corner from my flat.  
They dress quite well and have a dog  
and cat.

A portly man, the head, age fifty-three;  
His wife, quite stout, yet young, as all  
can see;  
His daughter is a girl of seventeen,  
A sweet young miss, with figure rather  
lean.  
The brother next, a youth of twelve or so;  
A younger boy, some lad as youngsters  
say.

And then the little baby they adore,  
Which still wears socks and things and  
things galore.

This is the family that I know so well,  
And yet confess their names I cannot  
tell.

Neither have I seen their faces yet,  
Nor do I know the house that they have  
let.

Am I Lescro or Holmes reincarnate?  
That gibber I these facts so well relate?  
Not so, my friend; I'm nothing quite so  
fine,  
I merely see their wash upon the line.

dividuals, officers of the law, corporations, business concerns, everybody? Why not? If nobody had a gun nobody would need a gun."

That is all right. But suppose that somebody violated the Eighteenth Amendment and took a drink. The policeman who noted the violation of the law, being unarmed, would remove his perfumed handkerchief from his breast pocket and give the Chatauqua salute, which by this time would be the recognized signal to the culprit to consider himself under arrest. The lawbreaker, however, being emboldened by an excess of one-half of one per cent. of alcohol, would probably say, "Aw go on, you big stiff," whereupon the policeman would be compelled to either allow the criminal to escape or himself be guilty of violating the new con-

stitutional amendment by engaging in a brutal contest.

Yes, we are for these new constitutional amendments.

TAKE this recent prize fight between Dempsey and Carpentier a few weeks ago. We were not gathering local color, like some of the preachers, so we did not attend and we did not have a free ticket like some of the newspaper men, so we did not attend. The consequence is that our remarks must necessarily be based upon what we read rather than upon what we saw. We admit freely that before the fight we thought it was going to be a very respectable affair, but our opinion was changed on the morning of Sunday, July 3, when we read the story by rounds as printed in one of the morning dailies. We then knew that we had missed attending a very wicked, wicked affair.

In the account that we read Carpentier

"whipped a wicked right" three times, he "whipped a wicked left" twice, while Dempsey responded "wickedly" four times.

Wickedness is something that must be eradicated from sports, even though an amendment to the Constitution of the United States be required.

However, we will admit, if you really want to know, that wickedness and morality are merely a matter of opinion, rearing and environment.

We once went on a camping party with a young lady who was very religious. The first Sunday we were in camp a number of us secured our bathing suits and invited her to accompany us.

"This is Sunday," she said.

"So it is," we replied.

"I don't go swimming on Sunday," she remarked.

"Sorry," we answered.

"Oh, please understand that I am not trying to regulate your conduct. If it doesn't violate your conscience go ahead, but it would mine."

"Sorry," we repeated, and our party went for a swim in the refreshing water of the lake, while she stepped into a rowboat and rowed all over the lake for a couple of hours, returning to the camp thoroughly tired and with the necessity for a sponge bath, while we returned refreshed and invigorated.

We never could understand her viewpoint, never could realize why swimming on Sunday was sinful while rowing on Sunday was not sinful. It was simply her opinion, her conviction, and while we disagreed with her we admired her for her strength of character.

When the supper was placed on the table

ONE of the most religious men we ever heard of was a moonshiner in the mountains of the South. His eldest son was delivering a run of liquor in town one day when a street car ran over him. Two claim agents went to the house of the old man up in the mountains to settle for the death of his son. They reached the farm about sundown.

When they had stated their business the old man told them that the following morning would be the right time to discuss the case. Meanwhile, they were to come in, have supper and spend the night. They accepted his hospitality.

When the supper was placed on the table

our two friends made the regulation boarding house reach for the hot biscuits, but the old man raised both hands over the table and plainly told them to wait.

"My friends," he said, "we haven't much up here in the mountains except our farms, our families and our religion, and we believe in all of them. It is the custom in my house for every one around the table to say a verse from the Bible before we eat. I will begin."

The old man bowed his head and recited the first of the eight Beatitudes. Now there were just eight in that mountain family, the old man, his wife and six children. The consequence was that by the time the table had been rounded the eight Beatitudes had been exhausted, and our two friends, who sat on the immediate right of the old man, were thrown absolutely upon their own resources. Between them they knew just one other thing in the Bible, and the first city man said it. Bowing his head reverently, he said, solemnly and deliberately, "Jesus wept."

The second city man bowed his head and said, "He sure did."

So you see, even though the old man made moonshine liquor and sold it in the city, he was deeply religious. It was simply his opinion, his conviction.

A great many mountaineers are religious. Dear old Uncle Bud Kernodle, now dead, a well known man in Georgia, once told us a story about a religious mountaineer.

It seems that the old fellows, then young, who stacked their arms when Gen. Lee surrendered at Appomattox, having been on short rations for a long time, had formed the habit of trying to turn the stomachs of their companions, the object being to cause a loss of appetite, whereupon the more hardened would eat the rations of the disgusted one.

Well, a party of Georgians were walking home after the surrender. When they reached the mountains of North Carolina they were invited to have dinner at a farmhouse. They hastily made ready for the event and went into the dining room with a rush.

"Hold on, boys," said the farmer when he saw what was about to happen, "we always say something here before we begin to eat."

say my conditions were better than the poor devils who were 'solitaires' on this old prison ship, but, God! it was hell."

Three months before he expected to be released, he related, he heard a knock on his cell door and a strange voice told him he need not put on the black hood. The door was opened, and for the first time in all these years he saw a human face.

"What the hell's up?" were his first words. The stranger told him he was to be released. He went to the warden's office and signed some papers which in his excitement he did not trouble to read. He was given \$1,200, all that remained of his fortune, an ill fitting black suit and \$5 extra as a released prisoner's allowance.

"Then I started out to get the man who had put me in that hell hole," he said. "He had fourteen years start on me. I traced him all over the country. Then I learned he had gone to Africa. I went there. Then to Poland, to Germany, to Switzerland. Gradually I got closer to him. My money gave out very early in the chase and I had to work my way around. He had come back to the United States. I returned. Again I traced him. He had gone to Panama to work on the canal. I got down to Panama."

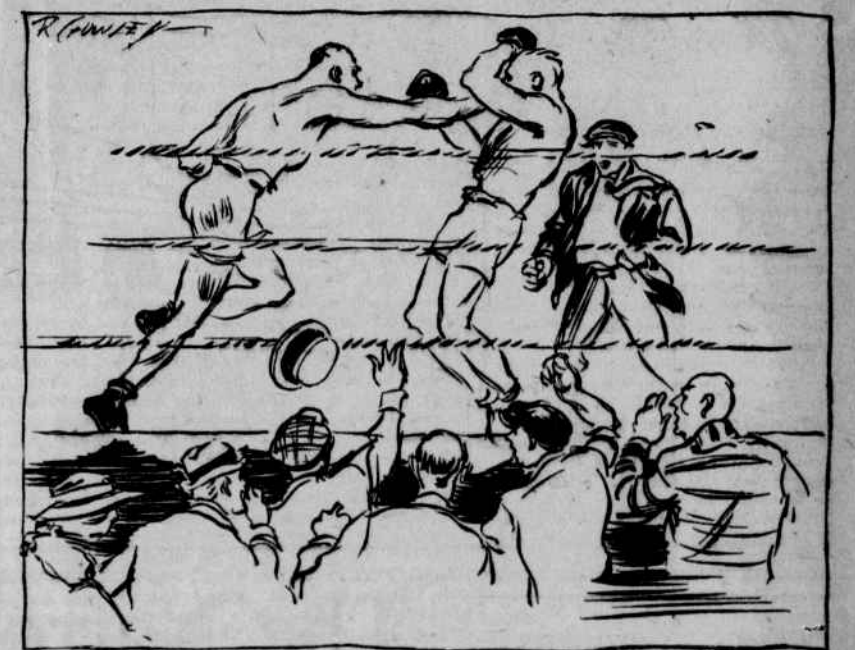
"I was only a year behind him now. I got to the Culebra Cut. Then I was told he had been killed a few months before in an accident. They showed me his grave."

"I wasn't satisfied. One night I dug up the grave and found the body. He was the man all right. I knew him."

"No, I didn't intend to kill him. My idea was to give him solitary confinement for the rest of his life. In the books I had read in prison I had learned what drugs to use to destroy sight and speech and hearing. But the Culebra Cut cheated me."

And the old fellow walked down the gangplank of the Success, adding:

"I thought mine was hell. But this was worse."



Dempsey responded "wickedly" four times.

"I don't care what you say," replied one of the party, "you can't turn my stomach."

SPAKING of the South reminds us that what we recently wrote in a letter to the Editor of THE SUN about Chief Justice Taft turned out to be exactly true. Of course, we believed it to be true all the time because we by instinct and nature keep one ear on the ground and we simply wrote as we heard.

When the announcement was first made several weeks ago that Mr. Taft was being considered for the place of Chief Justice it was also stated that objection to his appointment would probably be made by Southern Senators.

We wrote a letter stating that it was unthinkable that Mr. Taft would be opposed by Southern Senators, and announcing that we did not believe it, because we knew Mr. Taft to be very popular in the South, where he is a very frequent visitor. We concluded our letter by stating that the South was not passively for Mr. Taft, but actively for him.

Now, what happened? When the appointment went to the Senate opposition developed among a few (a very few) Northerners and middle Westerners. What did the South do? Actively fighting for the appointment of Mr. Taft as Chief Justice of the United States were the brainy Underwood of Louisiana, the splendid Broussard of Louisiana, and North Carolina's excellent Senator, Lee Overman.

No, the South makes some bad mistakes, because it also is peopled by human beings; but her mistakes are rarely those of ingratitude.

HOWEVER, we were talking about amendments to the Constitution of the United States and not about the appointment of Chief Justice. We think one of the first amendments should be that one about the blue laws, and we hope to see included a special provision about kissing or being kissed by one's wife on Sunday. It shouldn't be allowed. There is many a man goes home on Saturday night having violated the Eighteenth Amendment at fifty cents a throw in every saloon on his route, fully determined to assert his manhood, strike for his rights, declare himself, take charge of his own house and operate it in the future the way it ought to be run.

He mumbles this over to himself on his way home, and his mind is fully made up. After he eases the key in the night latch and sees her sitting up for him in a kimono with a rolling pin in her lap he realizes that the thing had better be postponed until Sunday morning. So he forgives her belligerent attitude and snores himself to sleep, but before he closes his eyes he rehearses mentally what he will say in the morning.

Sunday morning she brings a glass of ice water to the bed, tells him she will not

quarrel with him because it is Sunday and she is on her way to church, so she forgives and kisses him. That kiss on Sunday morning ends his good resolution. He is a weeping for another week, soft, pliable putty in the hands of a woman.

No, sir; something ought to be done for the protection of men. The blue laws will help. These preachers, they know.

It reminds us of a story told us recently by our friend Gershon Smith, one of the certified public accountants with W. B. Richards & Co. He says an Englishman had been making love to the wife of a friend of his. Finally his conscience began to hurt him and he decided to make a clean breast of the whole affair to his friend.

"I say, old chap," he told him confidentially at the club the next day when they found themselves in a quiet corner, "I hope you will not be angry with me, because really I intended nothing wrong, but I think you ought to know it."

"What should I know, old top?" said the second Englishman.

"Now keep the old bean steady while I tell you. After dancing with your wife at the ball of the Duchess last evening we went into the conservatory and I kissed her."

"Dear me, old top, I'm amazed. How many times?"

"I say, old thing, I'm confessing to you, not boasting."

## Dan's Own Book Review.

GODIVA. A poem by Alfred Lord Tennyson. Surrey, England. Dappleday & Co., Ltd., London.

ONE of the first feminists known to history was Lady Godiva, but she, like many another, went too far in endeavoring to carry her point in politics, as a result of which she was very severely criticised by some of the "best minds" of her day.

Nobody seriously objects to women being in politics. The only trouble with them is that they take so darn seriously the things that men used merely as a pastime and an excuse to stay out nights. When the "for men only" sign was displayed outside the political arena of this country, what took place on the inside was merely for amusement and incidentally to get a few nice fat jobs for Old Bill or Dear Old Tom and occasionally for "Our Splendid Fellow Towns-

man Mr. So-and-So." How different it is now that the women must be reckoned with. They are really trying to accomplish reforms in government. We don't know how it will end, but we see dark and troublesome times ahead if we don't quit being so serious.

Now take the case of Lady Godiva. There was one of the serious minded women who mixed up in politics. It all came about through some taxes that her husband, the Earl, was trying to collect. Lady Godiva had probably bought a lot of expensive gowns and things until the Earl was simply out of money. He had to support her if she was to be happy. So he announced that the people would have to pay more taxes. The residents of Coventry (that is where the incident took place) said that the tax rate was too high, and that if they tried to meet the levy they would not have enough to eat. They appealed to Lady Godiva, and so worked on her sympathy that she went to the Earl in her behalf, reasoning by some sort of mental process unknown to us that the Earl could continue to buy clothes for her when he was broke.

Now this was the very thing the good old Earl was waiting for. "I will fix you for keeps, old girl," he doubtless said to himself. So he decided to impress upon her the necessity for simple dressing and the real meaning of clothes. When she asked him the second time to repeat the tax levy

"He answered, 'Ride you naked thro' the town, And I repeat it,' and nodding, as in scorn, He parted, with great strides among his dogs."

Well, that sort of passed the buck to Lady Godiva, but she was game, and made good. That is what we say is the principal trouble with women in politics. Every time we men pass the buck to them they make good.

To make a long story short, she rode clean through the town and back again, having first sent word to the people to please close up their shutters and not look.

Everyone did as she requested, except one chap, who bored a couple of holes in a fence and peeped through. He lost both his eyes. Now that is where he made his mistake. If he had just bored one hole he would have lost only one eye. However, although blind, he died happy, and during his declining years he frequently stated that he had never regretted the incident.

If the women keep up this intense seriousness in politics we expect—no, hope—to live until the day when there will be an entire parade with a grand marshal and everything in order to carry some minor point in politics. We warn them, however, that they will probably all be arrested by the police, because while the experiment was a success in Coventry many years ago we doubt if it will be permitted in America in 1921, and in addition the nature of men have changed somewhat, and if the parade is pulled off we freely predict an epidemic of blindness.

## Convict Ship Worse Than His "Fourteen Years of Hell"

I HAD fourteen years of what I thought was hell, but it certainly was not as bad as this," said a visitor to the convict ship Success yesterday as he came from the solitary confinement deck below to the main deck of the vessel, which is now on exhibition at the foot of West 129th street.

The remark was addressed to First Officer Harry Wooten of the ancient craft, which for half a century was used to transport British prisoners to Australia. The speaker was a man who stood little over five feet and looked about 60 years of age, although he later said he is 75.

"Were you a keeper somewhere?" asked Wooten with an encouraging smile.

"No, I was a captive," said the other. "I had fourteen years solitary in the old Eastern State Penitentiary in Philadelphia—separate and solitary confinement; that's the way the commitment papers read. I've been out twenty years now. I was 40 years of age when they put me away."

"Must have been a pretty serious offence," vouchsafed Wooten.

"Murder—that's what they called it. I killed my brother-in-law. It was in self-defence, but I was sentenced to death. Nine days before I was scheduled to swing I got a new trial, and that brought the 'solitary' sentence."

Drawn out by Wooten, the old fellow spoke bitterly of a second brother-in-law, who, he said, had given perjured testimony.

"I made up my mind to get him," he said. "He lied on the witness stand. I tell you it was self-defence, but they believed him, and I lived fourteen years of hell. My wife never wrote to me after I was sentenced. I heard she died some years later. I don't know what became of the children."

"I was tried at Lancaster, Pa. It was a fight over a horse trade. I made up my mind I'd never swing. They had the death

## Old Timer Compares Horrors of the Success With Those He Suffered for Murder of Which He Was Innocent

watch over me. The warders had the old bullet and cap pistols. I was going to break through them or be shot down. Then came the second trial."

The man then explained how a black cap was placed over his head when he was taken to his cell in the Eastern State Penitentiary. He saw nobody. Food and supplies were thrust through a trap in the door of the cell. Once a week a warder would knock on the door. Then he had to don the black hood and walk to the bath.

"It was 127 steps to the bathroom," he stated simply.

He was marched to the bathroom, looked inside, and had to don his hood before venturing out again. On Sunday the cell door was opened slightly in such fashion that he could not see anything, but he could hear the drawl of a chaplain and the hymn singing of the more fortunate prisoners.

"It was all right for anybody who wanted that sort of Christianity. I didn't care for it."

The rules forbade him speaking on any subject but that of food or if he wanted a doctor. When the doctor came he had to again don the black hood. He learned to distinguish the voices of the various keepers. Day after day he spent his time in his cell making stockings with an old English stocking maker.

For over two years he worked to escape. He dug out pieces of brick and plaster with one of the stocking needles and put them, a spoonful at a time, in his sanitary pail. He

made a hole about fourteen by eighteen inches, and kept it filled, to defy detection, with pieces of chewed bread. Then he struck the granite wall of the prison. The failure discouraged him and he made no further attempt to escape.

"Every day I swore to get the man who put me there," he went on. "Two or three times I was given a different cell. I don't know why. A little latitude was given us on certain occasions. We were allowed an occasional book from the prison library, but never permitted to speak. We 'solitaires' formed a code of our own and used to communicate with one another by tapping. Sometimes we were allowed newspapers, which had been carefully clipped of any police or criminal news."

"I had \$20,000 before my trouble started. Lawyers took all but \$6,000. Three times a year we were allowed to take in a ten days stock of any delicacies we wanted if we could pay for them, and my money diminished this way."

"In 1890 a law was passed in Pennsylvania for reducing sentences of good conduct prisoners, but this was not retroactive and I got no benefit from it. I weighed 154 pounds when I went in. I lost fifty pounds. I had an old German brass clock in my cell. I made a case for it from chewed up bread, which hardened. I did not lose trace of time."

"The cells were bigger, and we had a little light from a skylight. That's why I